

THERE IS A MONSTER UNDER MY BED!



a tale about the beast of the immigration office

by daniela ortiz

THERE IS A
MONSTER
UNDER MY BED!

IT'S A REALLY

SCARY

MONSTER!



BUT IT IS NOT A NORMAL
MONSTER.

IT IS NOT THIS FAMOUS
MONSTER



or any of his friends,

NEITHER THIS **BIG** MONSTER.



**NOR THIS
AAAANGRY
MONSTER.**



THE MONSTER UNDER MY BED IS A
WHITE, WHITE
MONSTER,
AND THAT WHITENESS GIVES HIM
A SUPER VIOLENT
POWER.



This MONSTER also has the power to pass through BIG THICK WALLS and to be invisible to the border police, so he can come inside my house. He even goes to the country i am from to try to get my grandma frightened, because he has a really STRONG PRIVILEGED WEAPON.



This **MONSTER** gets his power from the stones of **MONUMENTS** that honour really bad european white people who did awful, painful things to my people during **COLONIAL** times.

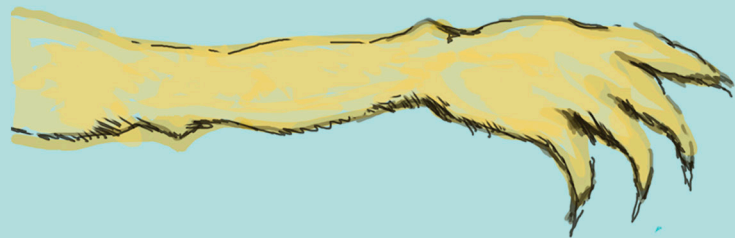
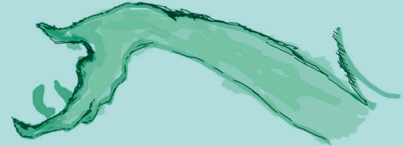
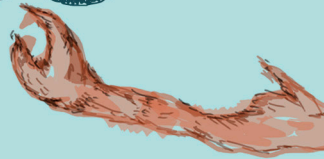
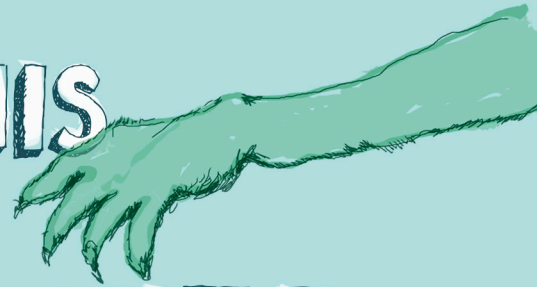


This is a spanish guy who killed a lot of people in Mexico. His name is Hernando Cortés, but it could be any of these other bad white males: Christopher Columbus, Cecil Rhodes, Francisco Pizarro, James Cook, Leopold II, etc.

This is a violent tool, more violent than a gun or a sword. It's the written Law that gives power to europeans to use violence.

This is the head of a colonized person, a person from your country of origin.

AND HOW IS IT THIS
MONSTER GOT INTO
MY BEDROOM?



Six months ago, I went
with my mama to the
immigration office. We
had to wait a Looooong
time to get our
appointment. The day
of the appointment,
we had to wait another
Looooong time outside.
Once inside, we had to
wait a Looooong time
again.



**INSIDE THE OFFICE WE WERE
OBLIGED TO BUILD A HUGE
TOWER OF PAPERS.**

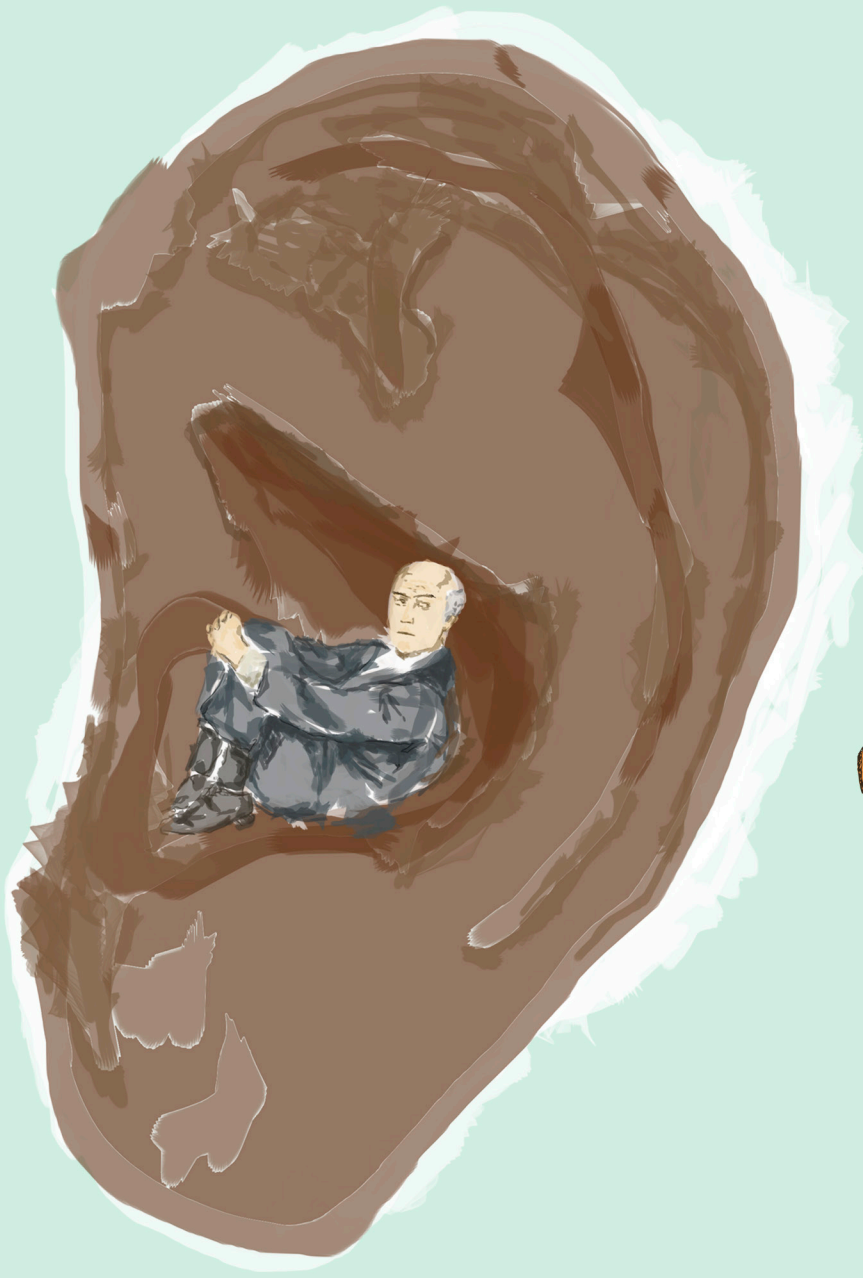




The papers were to
show that we are
FRUITFUL,
Lucrative, productive,
useful, and profitable
enough for
white europeans.



Even though we brought
a Lot of papers, they said
to my mama: 'NO!!!'



The words were so
strong and so hard
that they built a
bridge into my
ear. That office
worker managed to
hide inside my
LITTLE EAR.

By hiding in my ear the monster
managed to get under my bed.



The nights he slept
near me were full of

NIGHTMARES!





**THE FIRST NIGHTMARE
WAS AWFUL...**



THE SECOND ONE,
EVEN WORSE...

But when my mom noticed this,
she did some great things
to kick the monster out
of my ear...



...She read me three books by bell hooks,
and sang me a song called 'Cholo Soy'
and another one called 'Crazy Baldheads'.

Since that moment we started
reading and Listening to strong and beautiful
words by great anticolonial, antiracist,
anticapitalist and antipatriarchal
LOVELY PEOPLE.

It made me Love myself and be fearless of the
white racist monster from the immigration office.



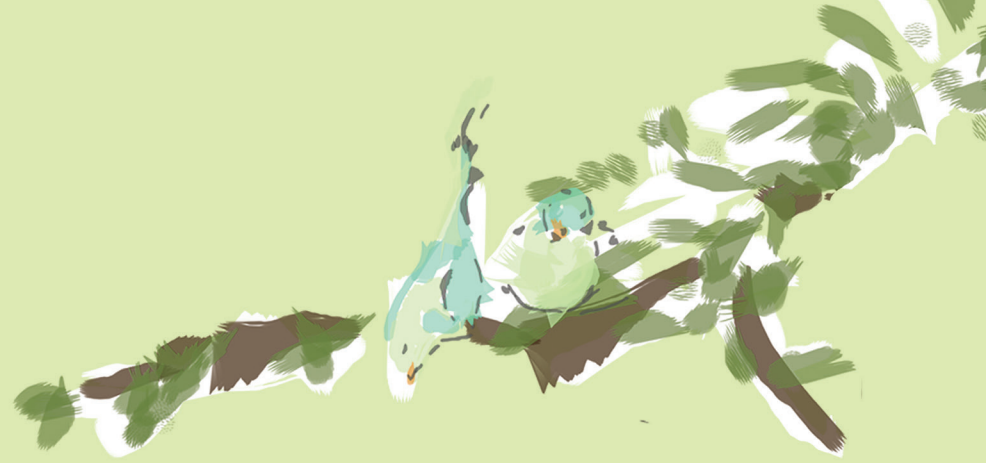
Yuderlys Espinosa
Berta Cáceres
Silvia Rivera Cusicanqui
Guaman Poma de Ayala
Ngugi Wa Thiong'o
Julieta Paredes



Sirin Adlbi Sibai
Frantz Fanon
Gladys Tzul
Houria Bouteldja
Maxima Acuña



Angela Davis
Aimé Césaire
Joseph Massad
María Galindo
Jota Mombaça
and many, many more...



MY SILENCES HAD NOT PROTECTED ME.
YOUR SILENCE WILL NOT PROTECT YOU.

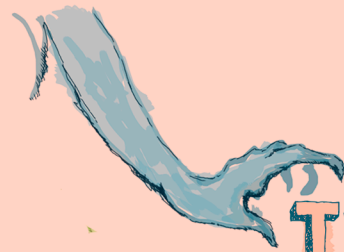
...and when we speak
we are afraid
our words will not be heard
nor welcomed
but when we are silent
we are still afraid
so it is better to speak
remembering we were never
meant to survive...

Audre Lorde



My ears, my room and my Life were
so full of these great words that
there was no space for the
WHITE MONSTER
anymore.





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